THE SON OF MAN

and Other Poems and Essays

by

John Bernard Kelly

Introduction by Melville E. Stone

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AND OTHER POEMS AND ESSAYS

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BY
JOHN BERNARD KELLY
SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR, CATHOLIC WRITERS' GUILD OF AMERICA

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
MELVILLE E. STONE

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The Son of Man
—A—
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PREFACE

This book of verse written by a cherished friend of mine has impressed me greatly. I am not of his church affiliation. Yet he and I are one in our adhesion to the country of which we are citizens. He is a Catholic in the genuine sense,—a believer of the tenets of the Church of Rome,—but like the eminent New York cardinal, not hyperorthodox; ready to fellowship with one who believes in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, willing to accord honesty of purpose to one who does not accept precisely his dogmas, sorry that it is so,—yet tolerant to the last degree.

Religious intolerance is plain treason in this country. In the first amendment to our constitution we bound the Congress as the representatives of the people to "make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This meant, if it meant anything, a declaration against burning so-called witches as the Puritans at

Salem had done, or attacking the Quakers, a practice common in the colonies.

Using Mr. Lincoln's phrase: "With malice toward none, with charity for all," this book of verse beautifully breathes the spirit of "Him of Nazareth" who gave us the new commandment that we love one another.

MELVILLE E. STONE.

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POETRY

The Son of Man

"Who do men say that the Son of Man is?"
Matt. XVI-13

Art Thou, the friend who walks with me,
The God who moulds the rose?
The child who played in Nazareth,
The weary God of woes?

Art Thou, the helpless Christ hung high
In shame 'till Thou wert dead,
The God of Might whose power moves
The stars above my head?

My mother always laid me down
At eve to sleep with Thee,
And said, twas Thou who bade the winds
Sing lullabyes for me.

'Tis not Thy works in rose or star
That stir to faith this clod;
I need but learn Thy heart as Man
To know that Thou art God.

Christmas

Before a maiden's loveliness
  An angel bowed his eyes:
A spirit who was wont to gaze
  On God in Paradise.

Then God, Who had no mother once
  And longed to know the joy
He gave to man with mother love,
  Was born a little Boy.

Christ in Slumber

What was Thy dreaming, good Jesus,
In Thy slumbering on Galilee's lake?
Did Thy brooding eyes fail then to heed us
With the love of Thine hours awake?

It was Calvary perhaps, and its weeping
Drew nigh with the moan of the sea,
Or was Thabor Thy refuge in sleeping?
Did the darkness bring Heaven to Thee?

Called Back

He slept the sleep they only know
Who win their ease in battle bold,
Awaiting Life's awak'ning touch
Eternal gain to have and hold.

The martyr dies, and death is birth
Into delights that never end.
But Lazarus, in greater love,
Took up his life to serve a Friend.

'Twas Christ, "the Thief that comes at Night,"
Who stole the peace He gladly gave,
Because two sisters' eyes were wet
He called a saint from triumph's grave.

Was he recalled that men might see
The greater glory of their God?
Or did Christ share the pain they bear
Whose flesh and blood lie 'neath the sod?

What man is this the winds and waves,
And e'en the dead, ne'er disobey!
His sov'reign will o'er life and death
Proclaims the God in earthly sway.

What power, then, the priest's who stands
Before the door of Heaven's tomb,
And calls his God to waking flesh
As once He came from Mary's womb!

The Agony in the Garden

There's nought but Sin a God can hate,
Yet this he clasped, and bore its weight
Of shame before His Father's eyes,
That man might learn of Love, to rise.

Mater Intemerata

Did she dare more than Thou, dear Lord,
On Calvary's dark hill?
Had she a strength to do God's word
Beyond Thy boundless will?

She watched Thee die, and knew the woe
Of desolation here.
Didst Thou forbid Thy heart to know
The death of one so dear?

The Prayer of a Thief

An outcast from whose touch my brothers fly,
Yet one with Thee whose spirit I profaned,
I climbed the Tree of Death, and 'neath the sky
Of Calvary I stole the heart I pained.

It was not Prophet of the Olden Law,
Nor King arrayed in purple majesty,
Nor John the Baptist whom the Angels saw,
Nor Thy sweet Mother entering with Thee,

But hand in hand, 'fore Heaven's wond'ring eyes,
A thief went in with Thee to Paradise.

Good Friday

From the mystic depths of His altar throne
They have taken my God and my Lord,
And the gaping door can speak alone
The thoughts that can find no word.

The gentle glow of the altar light
No longer beckons the weary come.
The God of Light lies buried in night,
And His mourners weep at an empty tomb.

A surge of pity engulfs my heart
For the souls that never have known
The peace that lies in the soothing art
Of a God and a Friend with His own.

"A Thief in the Night"

In Calv'ry's dark there was a thief
Who stole from God Redemption's heart,
And, with him, hung another thief
Who lacked his fellow's blessed art.

A third thief hovers o'er that hill
Who makes mankind his daily prey.
He comes at night and takes for loot
A mother, or a child at play.

Life's blackest hour masks the face
Of him whose name to men is "Death"
Till Heaven's morn identifies
The Good Thief—Christ of Nazareth.

The Holy Sepulcher's Lament

I guard within my dark
  The Light of deathless skies.
I am the hallowed Ark
  Wherein the All-Holy lies.

Like Mary, full of grace,
  My God has come to me.
I, first, shall see His face
  Alight in victory.

No longer is the tomb
  A silent house of death.
It is the living womb
  Wherein the Word finds breath.

Come, Angels, as ye came
  And sang on Christmas morn!
Ye Shepherd, bless the Name
  Of Easter's Lamb, new-born!

Ye Magdalens, weep not!
  No longer need ye fear.
Mine is the doleful lot;
  He rose. He is not here.

The Descent of the Holy Ghost

Fugitives huddled in dark despair,
The cry of their God in death still there,
Twelve fishermen tried to form a prayer.

The Light of Life that lit their skies
Was black as the black of sightless eyes,
Twelve powerless clods as God must rise!

A whir! a flash! a trembling sound!
A Dove! and the Light of Life all 'round!
Twelve conqu'ring kings, their kingdom found.

The Exaltation of the Holy Cross

I am the Cross of Christ
  And I am sad,
I felt his ev'ry pain
  Yet I was glad.

The Babe had Mary held
  In Nazareth;
The man was mine to hold
  E'en unto death.

He first had clasped me close,
  My wood to bless,
Ere I would dare return
  His strong caress.

The nails that pierced His limbs
  Sank into me.
He is the Fruit, and I,
  Redemption's Tree.

I am the Throne of Christ.
  Rejoice with me;
My God is mine to hold
  Eternally.

When God Obeys

God said, "Be Light!" The new-born sun
A crimson bubble, blushed,
And 'neath His gaze the maiden earth
In sweet confusion flushed.

God spoke again. The Word made Flesh
Smiled into Mary's eyes.
The moon in silver robed her God,
While stars prayed in the skies.

A priest said, "Come!" to his God on high,
And the startled angels heard
Their Lord, like Mary, say "Be it done
According to thy word."

The Ascension

When Christ ascended through the clouds
  The angels caroled songs of joy;
But down on earth where He found birth
  A mother missed her little Boy.

And so it is in life and death—
  E'en heaven knows no gain
But someone sobs with stifled breath
  And waits below in pain.

The Assumption

The gates flew wide. A maiden fair
The Mother of God, stood blushing there.
The Light Divine more radiant shone
And lost in shadow was the sun.

On the Waters

While terror ruled the seas one night
Twelve fishermen lay mute with fright.
The darkness, trembling, saw the Light
And paled in holy fear to white.

The lightning, flashing seas of flame,
Was shadowed in the Glow that came.
Awed thunders, dumb, confessed their shame
While silence hymned His Holy name.

The voice that summons heaven's spheres
Then fell on timid Peter's ears.
"Come unto me: Begone your fears!"
And Simon clasped his God in tears.

One night this God, about to die,
Willed man the voice to span the sky,
He walks the seas at my bold cry,
And speaks from Bread "Fear not! Tis I."

A Foundling's First Communion

The lowly slave in lawful wedlock born
Looks down on me from lofty heights of scorn.
I have no name, nor mortal kith nor kin.
I am the shadow of my mother's sin.

But oh! today is not as yesterday—
Sweet Christ, send me an humble heart, I pray!—
I now am princess of an ancient line,
Close knit by flesh unto a King Divine.

A foundling waif, I pity princes born
Of dynasties that pass as mists of morn.
My Mother o'er the House of David reigns.
The blood of God is leaping in my veins.

To Blessed Age

How strong the slender threads that bind to earth
The saints that God would hold to bless its ways!
The chains that bound Prometheus ne'er knew
The strength of strands that link their ling'ring days.

The pain of life that tarries is the birth
Of deathless youth in Time's eternal womb,
To age it brings the childhood loved of Christ,
Which laughs away the terrors of the tomb.

Oh, blessed Age! thou art Simeon
Who hides a 'Nunc Dimittis' in thy heart,
Until thine arms embrace the Holy Babe
Who bids thee clasp Him close and then depart.

My Cross

I cannot find the Road of Pain
That happy saints have trod.
The Way seems barred to that domain
Of fellowship with God.

No sooner do I lift a load
To bear for Christ than He
Departs the throng that lines the road
To carry it for me.

My heart grows sad when others gain
The heights of Calvary's hill,
And I must walk the sunlit plain
Of joy to do God's will.

Oh! Christ, my Simon of Cyrene!
Who suffers me no loss,
Thy holy will be done if e'en
In this I find my cross.

A Prayer to God the Father

If Thou shouldst have a gift for me,
  Oh! Father, I heed my call!
The gift I crave most constantly
  Is godliest of all.

For never wert Thou more a God
  Than when on Calvary,
Thy Son hung meek beneath the rod
  Of torture borne for me,

And from Thy throne in Heaven above,
  All powerful to stay
The pain that none but God in love
  Could bear for man that day,

Thy hand was held in strength that won
  A greater victory.
While Death was victor o'er Thy Son,
  Thy patience conquered Thee.

The Poet of the Trees

The trees are sad in Bois Colas
Where lies a valiant songster dead,
The breast that sang their litany
Is like the robin's, bloody red.

They chant their poet's requiem
Wherever sighs the gentlest breeze,
New glory theirs that he as Christ
Found death among the lonely trees.

Through all the world the woodlands weep
And lift their leafy arms to pray
That God may lay this fool of song
At Mary's feet, a Rouge Bouquet.

To Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, H.Q. Co., 165th Infantry. Killed in action at Bois Colas, July 30, 1918.

The Rose and the Oak

I met a gentle rose today—
And roses always speak to me—
But what this rosebud had to say
Is still a holy mystery.

'Twas cradled in a spray of leaves
New-fallen from an autumn oak,
And smiled at me like Bethl'em's Babe
From out the folds of Mary's Cloak.

Or was the oak old Simeon
Who saw the Child and went his way,
The flush of joy upon his face
That he had seen Redemption's day?

I would some angel ling'ring nigh,
Who knows the speech of flowers well,
Might whisper thoughts God's roses keep
And secrets oak leaves try to tell.

A Baby's Prayer

"Sweet Jesus, I love you to death,"
A tiny maiden said,
And, finished all her prayers at night,
She tumbled into bed.

"Sweet maid," her gentle God replied,
"Your loyal words are mine,
For I was born and lived and died,
To prove a love like thine."

Prayer for a Bishop

Lift not, dear Lord, the Cross of Wood from
him
Who cherishes as Thou the heavy beam
That spread Thy royal couch on Calvary
When Thou didst lay Thee down to
triumph's dreams.

Nor take the Cross of Gold that marks his
breast,
The sign of David's Son to priesthood born,
Whose high command e'en Thou shalt deign to
serve
As suns obey Thy call at eve and morn.

But be Thou his Cyrenean, dear Lord,
When he is called the leaden load to draw
Of cares that seem too slight for sacrifice:
Lend him Thy strength to bear each Cross of
Straw.

To My Mother

Had I Thy hand, oh! God, and all its might,
And all Thy works of beauty in the light
Beneath my gaze,
I'd make my noblest work a mother, too,
As Thou didst, Master Artist of the Blue,
In Heaven's ways.

Had I Thy power to form in mortal mold
The dust in which we dwell while growing old
Each speeding year,
I'd bring from Nothing's void a woman planned
To grace the earth with goodness never spanned;
As mine was, here.

But now I know, as Memory moulds her clay,
Or thro' the mists of tears she comes earth's way
To comfort me,
More loveliness in absence does she wear
Than Thou didst give to her, or man could dare
To ask of Thee.

A Magdalen of the Good Shepherd

Christ met me as I walked the streets
  And bade me follow after.
Since then my heart is full of joy
  As little children's laughter.

At early morn He is a Babe
  That slumbers in my breast.
At eve I hold Him fast asleep
  In death on Calv'ry's crest.

At night I stand on Golgotha
  And croon a lullaby
To Mary's child whose cradle is
  A gibbet 'gainst the sky.

'Twas yesterday I walked alone
  Where thousands thronged the way,
A libertine to honest men:
  To God, a lamb astray.

A Tryst

When Death came near I saw his face,
  And lo! it seemed to be
That somewhere I had seen before
  The eyes that smiled at me.

He saw my mother, and a tryst
  He made with her one day,
And, quick to heed, she found 'twas Christ
  Who beckoned her away.

A Sanctuary Rose

Before His eyes a new-blown rose lies dead;
A rose that lived for God, but dying, bows
his head,
And hanging Christlike, thorn-crowned, from
the limb,
Commends his perfumed spirit unto Him.

The Hostess of Lourdes

There lies a valley in the Pyrenees
  Where Mary oft descends to men from God.
The perfume of her passing lingers there
  In roses blooming where her feet have trod.

Proud princes come as beggars to her court,
  And beggars, proud as princes, take their leave.
She bids her Son, as once at Cana's feast,
  To give the wine of joy to all who grieve.

To this sweet vale where reigns the heaven's Queen.
  As unto Bethlehem, earth's Magi roam;
And shepherds bring their flocks unto a wave,
  Where God is still a child in Mary's home.

Death

To me thou art no foeman lusting gain,
And gleeful in thy triumphs o'er the weak.
I cannot image thee rejoicing in the pain
Of victims writhing in the paths ye seek.

I would behold thee servant of the King,
Invested with thy Lord's authority—
A gracious knight sent forth by Him to bring
His guests to feast in endless levity.

Thou art the good Samaritan whose oil
And wine bring ease to those thou succorest,
When strikes the robber, Time, who would despoil
The bleeding forms that lie upon thy breast.

Didst thou not go where none dare follow thee
In search of God's dear Prodigal, and roam
O'er Calvary's Hill, where, spent His dowry
In thriftless love, thou broughtst him home.

The Master called thee "friend" in his love scheme
Of bringing joy and triumph to the lost.

Thy bosom bore His head when He would
dream
At last in peace, forgetful of the cost.

Oh! Death! Thou wert a martyr quick to give
Thine all to Christ that blessed Easter morn,
When God decreed that Life must ever live,
And thou must die—Thy sceptre hence for-
sworn.

Thou art the friend of all who tread the earth.
Without thee time would be a hopeless way.
Thy hand dost lead the aged to endless mirth
Where God and little children join in play.

Today, like Ancient Moses, thou dost lead
A host of pilgrims to the Promised Land—
Thyself denied indulgence to proceed
Where Christ and thieves have entered hand in
hand.

—Dedicated to patriots dead.

A Shepherd Prince

Democracy is joyous in a son
Who walks a prince in crimson splendor clad,
But heavy lies the ermine on his heart
Who trod Manhattan's ways a lowly lad.

Can thrill be in a royal robe for him
Whose daily word his God has long obeyed?
Or would he seek the mountain solitudes
Like Him who fled from earthly rule, afraid?

Meek Christ! Who wore a Cardinal's martyr red
Before the march that conquered Calvary,
His chalice take away, nor let him drink
This hour the draught of his Gethsemane.

To Patrick Cardinal Hayes
On the occasion of his elevation.

Waiting

Ofttimes when western skies are gold
I dream and wonder why
Good men would linger till they're old
And pray God not to die.

The earth is fair, and life to me
Is sweet this side the veils,
But voices speak persistently
That tell more wond'rous tales.

They whisper not of stately halls
Where bearded prophets reign,
They say none lives within God's walls
But children born again.

I hear them romp with seraphim
Upon eternal shores,
And with the merry cherubim
Race o'er God's golden floors.

Our Mother Mary's heart is one
In all their boisterous joy,
For in their midst, His passion done,
She sees her little Boy.

And then I feel like some lone waif
  Forgotten Christmas Day,
Who stands without, unasked to join
  The blessed in their play.

The earth grows fairer every day,
  But fairer still the dreams
Revealing God and saints at play—
  It's better there, it seems.

Father Duffy

Let not man's praise await his requiem
Who ne'er shall march with Death while
Mem'ry breathes.
Let Life, in joyous lilt, his pæans sing
Whose brow was formed by God for Glory's
wreaths.

No nation, race nor creed survives today
But, knowing him, acclaims him as a son.
To all he is the priest, the type of Him
Who gave His life that mankind might be
one.

Unarmed, he faced a foe that feared him more
Than minions hurling thunder's steel at them.
White Death in Battle's revel hall went pale
Nor dared profane with touch his garment's
hem.

Thank God each happy day for gift of sun
That heralds blessed peace in rainbow span!
Thank God for tree and mead of em'rald green!
Thank God for him—the soldier, priest and
man!

The Day

The Dawn is Bethl'em's Babe to me,
  The Child of Sharon's maiden Rose.
The Morning is the glowing Boy
  Who comes to bear his playmates' woes.

The Noon is Christ in man's estate,
  Come forth to bathe the world in light.
The Afternoon reflects His face,
  A shadowed augury of night.

The Evening brings the stricken sun
  That pales as pours the ebbing flood
Upon the frightened earth at dark,
  The torrent of His Precious Blood.

The Dawn again, and in the East
  The Sacred Heart of God aflame.
As centuried cycles come and go
  The hours speak His Holy Name.

Mary's Lamb

Mary had a little Lamb
In holy Nazareth.
His fleece was white as Heaven's snow
But He was born for death.

And everywhere that Mary went
Her Lamb was sure to go,
Until He climbed a rugged Cross
And she was left below.

And when He wandered past the stars
To graze o'er Heaven's sod,
His bleatings called her and she found
Her Lamb—the Lamb of God.

Two Feasts of Love

To Cana's feast a gentle Lady went—
The cause of all our Joy—to breathe a prayer
That none might sense her host's embarrassment
In lack of wine, the crown of festal fare.

At Calv'ry's Feast, in Sorrow's banquet hall,
Again the Mother whispered at His side,
Redemption's Wine flowed lavishly for all;
But lo! 'twas changed to water as He died.

PROSE

THE SANCTITY OF JOYCE KILMER

THE personality of Joyce Kilmer was curiously suggestive of the Blessed Thomas More. Not alone in brilliance of intellect and sanctity of person is there a likeness, but as Erasmus describes his friend, there seems to be a resemblance in appearance. More, who was "neither tall nor remarkably short," had a countenance that was "always of an amiable joyousness" and "eyes that betokened singular talent,"—a description which brings Kilmer vividly to mind. Erasmus goes on to say that the Blessed Thomas More is "famed for friendship and when he finds one according to his heart, he so delights in their society and conversation as to place in it the principal charm of life." Kilmer was never happier than when one of a wholesome, laughing company. His mirth was made more delightful because his joyous humor emanated from a mind in constant contact with God.

More was a university graduate, a lecturer on law in London and one of a group of the most scholarly men of his time. Among them was Erasmus, who found him companionable at twenty years of age. Kilmer was a Rutgers and Columbia man, prominent among prominent men, and beloved for his spirit of natural good fellowship. Like More he went through a period of doubt as to whether he had a call to the religious life or to matrimony. Both decided that the married state was their true vocation. Both, however, found great content in the society of those called to the religious life and chose their dearest friends from among the clergy.

While More was a man of God he was deeply immersed in the affairs of the world. He was a public-spirited figure in his times and at an early age took an active part in protesting against the unjust taxation of Henry the VII. He did it at the risk of his life in spite of the fact that his Majesty was a frequent visitor to his home on the Thames. The same instinct aroused Kilmer to avenge the crime of the *Lusitania.*

Another characterization of the Blessed

Thomas More reads: "No one is less led by the crowd, yet no one departs less from common sense." This was essentially Kilmer. He belonged to poetry societies, mingled on occasion with cult devotees, but thought for himself and remained sane and balanced to the last. The sentimental litterateur who beguiled the Muse with long, silken coiffure, and wore a soulful yearning to give metrical expression to the inexpressible was a source of constant irritation to him. He wrote delicious satires on "Incomprehensiblists" and authors of "Soul Studies in B Minor." He begged of Certain Poets—

> "Take up your needle, drop your pen,
> And leave the poet's craft to men."

More achieved fame at thirty-three years of age. Kilmer was mourned by Fame at thirty-two. A comparison of "Utopia" and such essays of Kilmer as "Try a Tin To-day," shows the same healthy mingling of truth, fiction and satire. The Chancellor of England and the martyr of America were equally vehement in their controversy against Lutheranism. Kilmer's attitude is expressed perfectly in the

words of the Blessed Thomas, "I hate the vice of heretics, not their persons."

Both men had the courage that laughs in the face of death. The Blessed Thomas More, being warned of the danger that overshadowed him because of his refusal to acknowledge Henry VIII as head of the Roman Catholic Church, said very simply to the Duke of Norfolk "then in good faith, between your grace and me is but this, that I shall die to-day and you to-morrow." Kilmer had to brush aside the outstretched hands of friends who would deter him from entering upon an adventure that gives Death his most fruitful harvest. In the constant presence of death he wrote with noble facetiousness, "This is the pleasantest war I have ever attended in." From the slimy horrors of trench life, the hero whose sacred remains lie buried in a "grave beside the purling Ourc," extracted boyish fun. There was nothing of the comedian about Kilmer, and yet he was the life of the little company whom good fortune had made his companions in war. He could draw aside from the crowd and their merry-making long enough to write "The Prayer of a Soldier in France." When the

family of Blessed Thomas More came to visit him in prison, he would welcome them with a merry joke and a ready laugh. And when they left he busied himself with a "Treatise on Comfort against Tribulation." He was happy in innocent mirth to the last, and when his friends removed the clothes from his headless body they found that he had already crucified his flesh with a hair shirt.

Both died in the month of July, More on the sixth day, Kilmer, on the thirtieth. The martyr of Tower Hill gave his head to the executioner, and the hero of the Fighting Sixty-ninth to the bullet of a German sniper. Both met death as if going out to meet a friend, showing in their deportment "nothing new, forced or affected."

. . . . . .

The aureola of sanctity was radiant about Joyce Kilmer's head while he lived, and shines even more luminously through the mist that envelopes him dead. Abhorring pose in a man as he did mortal sin, his works and his writings are an honest reflection of the sentiments in his heart. That he lived in the closing years of his life at least, for Christ and with Him, I

know from intimate association with him. That he is now among the saints of God in heaven, there is little reason to doubt. For his life and works are consistent in their testimony of unusual holiness in a layman.

Sanctity seemed to come to Kilmer easily. It seemed natural for him to live in the supernatural, which is the surest evidence of divine grace suffusing a human heart. No one was called to a mode of livelihood in closer touch with mundane affairs than he. Few have soared to the world above with equal ease, or breathed the air of heaven with more comfort. His life was as human as it was brief, and yet there was a wealth of divinity reflected in his eyes. Like the Blessed Thomas More he has taught the world that sanctity is a supernatural state built up on the natural—not upon the unnatural.

It is interesting to consider a saint who could write love lyrics as tenderly romantic as those Kilmer has left; a saint who at one time found "all of the joy in the world in the innocent heart of a maiden"; a saint to whom a woman's eyes were "like delicate spheres that are born when day is dying." Later in life he found

Christ in the love of his wife, "and His thorns in the laurel in her hair."

Kilmer came to a state of spiritual development in which any created thing he looked upon had in it some trace or suggestion of God. It is not a state commonly found in a reporter on a city newspaper, or even in an assistant editor of a secular magazine. He liked to live in the crowded world because the crush of the throng pressed him closer to the Christ at his side. He heard His silent voice through the noise of business life and said—

> "The roar of the world is in my ears.
> Thank God for the roar of the world.
> . . . . . .
> Thank God for the stress and pain of life,
> And, Oh, thank God for God!"

If the clubmen with whom Kilmer was so popular realized that they ate, drank, and were merry with a saint, it would teach them that sanctity has its comfortable moments as well as its periods of heroic suffering. Kilmer was not intemperate in any pleasure unless it was in communing with an ever tangible God. He could sip a glass of wine with a friend, and enjoy it the more because there was a suggestion

of Cana to be found in it. It was a blessed experience to hear him laugh. As Mr. Holliday says in his Memoir, he "often rocked with mirth," and I have often seen him when tears of laughter ran down his cheeks, provoked by some boyish, even senseless remark of a friend. It does not detract from sanctity to know that mirth is one of its most genuine expressions.

It was a privilege to have known Kilmer in his home at Mahwah or at Larchmont. He was not a rich man, as the world views riches, and yet he considered himself wealthier than any of the earth's scions because of one possession alone.

> "So God who lifts the poor and humbles kings
> Sent loveliness itself to dwell with me."

he wrote, acknowledging his debt for the boon of a wife in whom he found an inspiration for his best literary works, and who walked gladly with him ever nearer to their common Lover, Christ. His children were his subjects in a kingdom over which he ruled with his consort, Aline. A grass plot was his royal domain, and for statuary in his palace gardens

he had a masterpiece in comparison with which creations of Michelangelo paled into humiliating insignificance. A snow-man in the yard transformed the frost-covered earth into Paradise Regained. To him the saddest work of architecture that ever fell under his gaze was the house that had known the lilting melody of a happy wife, the patter of little children's feet on its stairways, and was deserted—left to die alone of a broken heart. In this, as in all things, he looked forward to eternity and had a vision of Aline planning the mansion they would all occupy in Paradise, putting the touch that only a woman's deft hand can to the household that God has assigned for such as Kilmer's family in the Promised Land. He was always bringing Heaven to earth or lifting earth up to Heaven. It was his way of keeping God in the midst of his family.

Mr. Robert Cortes Holliday has given the world an appreciation of Joyce Kilmer as his personal friend, the man of letters and one of the nation's noblest literary assets. When the announcement was made that Mr. Holliday was the privileged literary executor of Kilmer, there arose a questioning criticism of his suit-

ability. "Why shouldn't a Catholic have the honor?" was the question on the lips of many Catholics who felt the pride of ownership. But with the editing of the work the sentiment was reversed and Mr. Holliday was regarded by many as a propagandist of the Catholic Church who overplayed Kilmer's Catholicism as a literary influence. Which makes it most reasonable to hold that the "memoir" has adhered to the via media and will indeed do "immeasurable good." It is the testimony of a non-Catholic to the sanctity of a Catholic, which should increase its value to both.

Mr. Holliday says in his Memoir that Joyce Kilmer "was never really himself until he became a Catholic," and that "his character in the faith he embraced, found its tempered spring." I did not know Kilmer while he was journeying from the church of his earlier days to the Roman Catholic Church, but I know from his own testimony that he regarded himself, and rightly so, as a Catholic from the day of his baptism in Episcopalianism. It was the Episcopal Church that nourished the Catholic heart in him. It kept him in close association with that spiritual life which he craved. When

he and his wife took the formal step into the Catholic Church, they did so because they had found that Christ was more accessible there. The formal declaration of their arrival in Catholicism called for heroic resolve. It meant the severing of many sacred ties, and pain to many tender hearts who grieved over what they conscientiously believed to be a sad mistake. The immediate incentive to the formal step was the infirmity of my god-child in Catholicism, little Rose. The science of physicians had failed to restore her to her former health and strength. Her father and mother looked upon the silence of God to their prayers as His wordless answer. He spoke through Rose and never had He a more godly mouthpiece than the little one whose patient, almost joyous, suffering reflected Himself so clearly. They felt that He wanted but one prayer—complete surrender to Him by entering His Church. The Divine Physician cured her in His own way. He set her little soul free from a body which in perfection could not do justice to a spirit as angelic as hers, and He placed her among the unhampered spirits in eternity. Last summer she welcomed her father into Heaven's playgrounds, where

their two heads are together now planning for the coming of the others.

Once under the immediate influences of Catholicism, Joyce Kilmer began life anew. He became saturated with its doctrines and devotions. His zeal for wider and deeper knowledge of its every phase was intense. Life had been a pilgrimage in search of Christ and he found Catholicism His Galilee. Here the Son of God was really present, living, breathing, awaiting the weary as He had been in the fields and highways of Judea long ago. Here he existed—not as a sign or a symbol—but as truly present as Aline in the midst of her children. Christ still on earth! To a man of Kilmer's spiritual appreciation this was more romantic than the wildest fiction and truer than the most evident mathematical fact. He had already seen Christ in his fellow-man, but with the Redeemer personally on earth, Body and Blood, soul and divinity—on earth so truly that he could come into more intimate contact with Him than with any friend whose hand he could clasp! That meant for Kilmer that Heaven had come to earth.

Hence His joy in the Eucharist. He re-

ceived Him as often as he could,—once a day, —before taking the train which bore them both into "the roar of the world." In his "Multiplication" he testified to the nearness of Christ.

"The King of Kings awaits me wherever I may go."

In his "Citizen of the World" he wrote—

"There is no strange and distant place,
That is not gladdened by His face."

Kilmer had found the Creator anew and with Him a world created anew. He walked with Christ in his bosom, and Christ at his side. So real did the Man of Galilee become to him that he interviewed Him in his prayers as he would any other citizen of the world.

The effect of his awakening to the truth of Catholicity is evident in the new life that throbs in his later poetry. He became a mystic to whom Christ, Mary and the saints were palpable companions. The Mother of God became "The Singing Girl" and he besought Her as a fellow poet—

"Pray for us poets now
And at the hour of death."

The world of nature became a Holy of Holies in which God dwelt amidst His Sacramentals. The rose took on a supernatural beauty in the eyes of Catholic devotion.

"A red rose is His Sacred Heart, a white rose is His face,
And His breath has turned the barren world into a rich and flowery place.
He is the Rose of Sharon, His gardener am I,
And I shall drink His fragrance in Heaven when I die."

A tree was no longer a mere beauty of God's handiwork in nature. It became a creature in constant communication with the supernatural—

"A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts its leafy arms to pray."

The stars were no longer planets alight, hymning God's praises in the music of the spheres. They became the glorified wounds of Christ placed by Michael in the sky. And of the lesser lights he wrote—

"Every steel-born spark that flies where God's battles are
Flashes past the face of God and is a star."

And so he viewed all things in life, not alone the wonders of the firmament that have

proclaimed the existence of God to philosophers and poets for centuries, but the commonplace trifles of earth. Who would ever think of looking for Christ in a delicatessen store? Kilmer did, and found Him there. After transforming its proprietor's "worried eyes and wrinkled, crude, pathetic face into one that reflected

> "Sacred flames that whitely burn,
> Who loves and is beloved in turn,"

he did the usual thing for him. He raised this place of pickles, olives, tea, and nickels, cents, and dimes to a plane made radiant by the splendor of humanity that emanated from it. He wrote—

> "Oh Carpenter of Nazareth
> Whose Mother was a village maid,
> Shall we, Thy children, blow our breath
> In scorn on any humble trade?"

He found God, as Christ suggested, in the smallest coin of the realm. In "Pennies," he tells of a little lad, joyful in the possession of copper wealth, who drops his coin and has his sadness turned to new joy when he finds it again. So God deprives men of fame, health and money

". . . but that they may, new-found, be newly sweet
Yea at His feet."

"Lo! comfort blooms on pain and peace on strife
And gain on loss.
What is the key to everlasting life?
A blood-stained cross."

Kilmer found Christ in the deceit used by the devil, who wears the garment of the crucified, won at dice and uses it to entice men to himself. It is the anti-Christ tradition placed masterfully into meter.

Kilmer has been criticized for going to war. He has been referred to as an idealist and impractical sentimentalist by those who judged his action without knowing the man. Joyce Kilmer could no more stay away from war than he could betray his country or his conscience, or remain outside the Church once the obligation of entering the fold had been revealed to him. He is one of the figures of this war to whom Catholicity can point as an example of the heroism nurtured by the common devotion to Mother Church and country. Kilmer was American all the way through. He said he was half-Irish, but he meant that to be all American was to be half-Irish at least. Mr. Holliday says, "If there is one word which more

than any other should be linked with the name of this gallant figure now claimed (and rightly) by so many elements of the nation, that word certainly is American." A blow at human liberty was a shameful thing to him because he regarded it as a gift of God. He revolted at Germany's deed in the sinking of the *Lusitania* because it brought a smirch on Christianity and "the world that God created became a shameful place." The American in him revolted at the cruel deed in Easter week 1916 because it was an act of un-American tyranny and contrary to the divine law. In its victims he saw a race pleading unto death for the same principles that Washington had won in 1776. He heard the voice of God in the death-prayer of Irish martyrs. His American heart went out for liberty-loving Ireland,

> "Whose heart is fed on Heavenly Bread.
> The blood of martyrs is her wine."

It was this love for Irish America that prompted him to seek a place in the Fighting 69th. He had taken a course in the Officers' Training Corps, had enlisted in the Seventh New York, and was transferred at his own request to the Sixty-ninth. I can remember as

if it were yesterday the evening he met Father Duffy in the Biltmore Hotel. I had been telling Father Duffy of his exceptional manhood as I had told him of Father Duffy's exceptional priesthood. Their meeting was an experience to be remembered. There was an immediate sense of two souls that clasped hands in mystical understanding. And I am waiting for Father Duffy to tell me when he returns how deeply that friendship grew. Two men like Kilmer and Father Duffy could not know each other without leaving a mutual impress of nobility.

There is no doubt but that Kilmer was an idealist. To some that suggests a weakness; to others it means that he followed his own selfish notions with cruel disregard of the welfare and happiness of his family. To those most concerned in his going to war, to those to whom his return was most vital, and especially to his wife, it is the noblest epitaph that could be written of him. Mrs. Kilmer would much prefer to be the wife of a departed idealist than of a preacher of truths who lacked the courage to practice the same. And be it known further that Joyce Kilmer was as

practical in his heroism as he was ideal. He went at the urging of his heroic wife after they had considered the step from every angle. He made provisions for their temporal welfare should he be asked to pay the supreme price. He looked after her future and the children's future in terms of dollars and cents, and in his death left them provided for in temporal matters, and in the possession of a legacy that will be enjoyed by his children's children until the name passes before the general judgment to receive the applause of those who were redeemed by Christ and men of Kilmer's Christly mold.

War is a brutalizing influence upon most men. To Kilmer it was elevating. He went to war with "The Peacemaker"—

". . . and had for Captain Him whose thorn-wreathed head
Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world."

His burning feet on the march, the sweat that blinded his eyes, the gun that sunk into his flesh were all part of his journey upon the Via Crucis with Christ. He found war a glorious opportunity to show the Prince of Peace how

truly he could love Him—how practical was American Catholicity—and he prayed:

> "So let me render back again
> This millionth of thy gift. Amen."

It is interesting to know that a man of this type was the idol of his regiment. It is a tribute to the men of the Sixty-ninth Regiment that their hero was a saint. Their regard for him reflects their own heroic qualities, and it is a blessing to know that sanctity in a man has been shown so recently to destroy the idea that it belongs to the effeminate to be pious. Kilmer proved that only the heroic can be truly holy. And he proved that sanctity is a quality that makes its deepest appeal to brave men. He proved that the more a man reflects the divinity of Christ, the more perfectly he reflects true, lovable humanity. Kilmer was as much a man's man as he was a man of God.

He had one predominant desire in his life—that he might love Christ and be "unceasingly conscious of Him." He made it a prayer which God answered. In following a heroic sense of duty to God, Country, and family, he crept up to a point of observation where he could do most good for all. He did most good

as he wished. He died there, looking over the breast-works of Time into the countenance of Christ who had come to him with a sniper's bullet; offering himself body and soul, "A Rouge Bouquet" for the altar of liberty and God.

MASKED MEN AND BURIED TREASURE

EVERY man who honors the name has been a bold buccaneer or a fearless highwayman in his day. With the regularity of Saturday he crawled into an unfrequented corner of the garret to digest in peaceful seclusion the methods and exploits of his heroes on high seas and roads. When caught reading the memoirs of Old King Brady, Jesse James or Nick Carter, he was the victim of parental horror expressed in such primitive terms as were in vogue in that particular period.

Times have changed since. In the days of yore it cost a nickel to buy the luridly covered weekly that chronicled the vicissitudes of noble pirates defying the laws of nations on the Spanish Main, earning their bread with pieces of eight. Now it is the old folks at home who buy their thrillers daily for two cents in the morning and three cents in the evening editions. Gentle grandma sits by the fire-

side devouring the adventures of daring demons who transfer their booty in peaceful exchange outside the twelve-mile limit. Their patrons maneuver their course past the federal blockade minions into a snug cove on Long Island Sound where they bury their liquid wealth in a cool cellar until a millionaire bootlegger's representative makes the terms of its exchange into gold and silver coin of the realm. On the next page she finds a tale of treasure unearthed in sleeping Egypt that makes the spoils of Captain Kidd look like a mess of articles bought at a Woolworth emporium. She rests her old gray head on the back of the rocking chair and furnishes a castle in the air with knicknacks she pilfered from the living room of the Pharaohs. Her wicker chair is transformed into a golden throne cushioned with leopard skins. Her toil-weary feet rest upon the jewel-studded footstool that once upheld the dignity of Cleopatra's royal sixes. She arranges delicately carved alabaster vases on the mantelpiece, drinks a liqueur from the king's lotus-shaped wishing cup, places her sewing materials in an inlaid ivory and ebony casket, and slowly the chromos of forbears, who drove

a covered wagon to the land of promise, fade into the hand-carved ushabiti of the original Hiram Skinner. Happily brain-fagged, she sinks into slumber on her couch of exquisitely carved ebony to dream herself into the arms of the resurrected Tut-Ankh-Amen. And to think that this is the same lady who was once shocked when Willie's papa, her son, was caught wasting the precious hours of early youth gathering in the Sheban shekels that lay hidden for centuries in the Stygian darkness of the family cellar!

It is this appetite for thrillers that makes the major part of humanity a masked band. Men and women like to play a part in life, and if they can't be heroes and heroines, they seek exhilaration in the rôle of villain and villainess. Humanity is wearing a mask, and that mask is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, concealing the *good* that lies beneath a surface of make-believe malice. Convention pays homage to the daring gunman and the male vampire. Girls, old and young, find a thrill in acting the part of vivacious adventuresses who laugh to scorn the suggestion that they are at heart nobler than the de Maupassant rôle they

are playing. And as for the male—Heaven forbid that he be assigned by his clubmates to the category of the saintly!

There is a wealth of treasure buried under the starched shirtfronts and diamond pendants that cover man and womankind. The ninety and nine are terrified by the thought of being categoried with the hundredth case, that is, with the sanctimonious wolf whose mask is the clothing of the sheep, the pirate who wears the meek mien of a Fra Angelico saint. The professionally pietistic, commercializing a Pharisaic exterior, often drive the many to wearing the bristling coat of the wolf over hearts that are as peacefully disposed as the breast of an ewe lamb.

Every John Smith has had the experience of meeting Bill Jones, his suburban neighbor, commuting to and from business. A casual nod, and a word about weather conditions is the extent of their intimacy. Bill is to John just one more of those men who have under their hats only a wealth of bone and a meager scattering of hair. But one night Bill's little boy falls dangerously ill. Smith finds an opportunity of expressing sympathy and an offer

of service. A liking develops in a week, and coming home on the six-six the conversation turns to kids. Bill lets go, and a new radiance shines from his eyes. Kids are the greatest institutions in the world! They are the one possession that makes life's endless grind a privilege. Their utterances are more enduring than Plato's, and from their suckling lips comes wisdom surpassing the vision of Prophets. And the wife! Women certainly have it all over men when it comes to a showdown, in bearing adversity. Smith looks at Jones as the train is grinding into Newlyhurst, wondering where he saw this stranger before. Jones looks at Smith and can't quite place him. Surely this cannot be the meek and silent atom that for the past year or so specked the seat across the aisle. This is a real man—one after his own heart. He's there!

Let us go into the smoker of a Western Limited. Four men are there who are total strangers to each other. They sit reading and gaping into space an hour or so, when the weather provides an opening topic. After comments upon the atmospheric conditions, they discuss the vacuous mentality of the

nation's chosen law-makers. The relative pennant-winning chances of Major League Clubs help to fill in a half hour's exchange of opinion. One member, ambitious to contribute a bit of spice to the party, tells a story he'd prefer his son didn't hear. There may be some sophisticated comments upon a current divorce case with inside stuff contributed by one of the boys who knew her back home. So far each man is looking at the stereotyped face to be found regularly in Pullman social circles.

But one of the four may introduce a more serious theme by way of novelty. He is sending his boy to a certain college and wants an opinion of its standing. All contribute ideas as to a young man's needs in mental equipment for the battle of life. One of the party expresses the hope that his lad—who is a good boy—may dispense with the wild-oat period his father cultivated. Another one of the four tells about the son the Mrs. just gave him before he left. The subject of maternal courage is touched upon. Men are yellow-streaked compared to women in a crisis. Someone suggests the debt he owes his own mother. Each of the four lays an offering of reverence before

the shrine of motherhood. Before the time comes to wash for dinner they have climbed beyond the stars and are proving the existence of God from the sanctity of their own mothers.

The four men who were there a few hours ago have disappeared. Four new faces have come to light in the unmasking. The mad-wag drummer is a safe and sane father, thanking God there are at least three other men in the world with genuine ideals, and like himself, the courage to talk sacred convictions out loud.

The unfathomed wealth of treasure in the hearts of humanity, lamentably buried from sight, is an incalculable loss. The undertaker is "Human Respect." The gravedigger is "Convention." The combination has done more harm than the seven deadly sins in keeping the majority of men from expressing in word and action the noblest ideals of their hearts. They are ready to bless the other fellow who has the courage to give utterance to sacred sentiments. They line up enthusiastically behind him who takes the lead. But it takes intrepid initiative to stand before men in the sincerity that a man invites the eyes of

God alone to gaze upon. Humanity is better than it looks and talks. Misanthropes and alarmists would have a hard time making their profession pay if we all had the daring to turn our hearts inside out. It would be easier for the average man to love his neighbor as himself.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SON OF MAN

THE passengers in the smoking-room of the *Lauretania* had become generally clubby after the usual period of diffidence. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, business and professional man with a few returning tourists made up the little group. A few hardy feminine spirits completed it. The seven days to go promised much less ennui than the five passed. A game of "Red Dog" had made them sociable.

In one of the "Time-out" periods between games, a lean, brisk person looked up from a report he was reading and said, as if mumbling to himself, "How'd you like to own the earth?" James Frazier was a mining engineer returning from Europe, bringing with him a bundle of papers reporting on foreign metal holdings as compared with America's. "The latest statistics on our holdings in gold alone," he went

on, wholly oblivious of the suddenness of his question, "credit us with about six and a half billions of dollars' worth."

"Not for mine," said Buck Johnston, a ruggedly refined gentleman whose business was making friends for a big corporation. "The income tax would be enough for the government to finance another war."

"It's related in history that there once walked this earth a character who counted it among His possessions." This came from a pleasant, comfortable looking citizen who had been, up to this, a rather self-effacing member of the party. His beaming silence and ready chuckle of laughter at a bit of comedy worthwhile, had done much to make him a friend of all. He was voted "regular" by all hands. With a few more gray hairs he would have been the papa of the party. He turned out later to be Redmond Farrell, a philosopher by vocation, and an educator who wasn't any the worse for the wear.

"Let's in on it," said Johnston, expressing the curiosity of all hands. "Who bore the burden of owning the earth?"

"It's only about a millionth part of God's ownings," said Farrell, "and He once walked

upon it. And furthermore, He didn't have a place upon which to lay His head."

"Do you know I never thought of Christ in that light," said a typical American city product, Andrew Clinton by name.

And then there followed the quiet of embarrassment that usually comes with the introduction of religion into the conversation of a group of men.

Clinton was a newspaper man holding an important post on the Associated Press staff. Here was news! He looked out the smoking room door meditatively, took in the vast expanse of night blue sky over the arc of the distant horizon and then gazed at the twinkling stars that seem to follow a ship at sea like a million hungry gulls. His newspaper mind, alert at the scent of new copy, began to consider this proposition with wide-awake interest. "There was a Being," he repeated aloud to himself, "who once walked this planet, even the waters of it, and owned it—every bit of it—and all those planets out there. . . . And He didn't have a place on which to lay His head." Then he half awoke from his reverie, looked over at Farrell, and broke in on the self-con-

scious silence of the others. "Farrell," he said, "you're a Catholic, aren't you?"

"I'm making a hard fight to merit the distinction without losing social prestige," answered the gentleman addressed, with an inviting smile.

"Do you mind if I ask you a few questions about your church?" said Clinton. "I've just left Italy with a feeling that either I'm stupidly ignorant of what the Catholic Church teaches, or that Catholics do things in their churches that are, to say the least, surprising. I covered quite a few of them in Florence, Rome and Naples and in every one of them I saw people go down on their knees—sometimes almost prostrate themselves before the altars. In one Church, I'm saying this without intention to be funny or indelicate, they reminded me of some Chinese I had once seen in a Pekin Joss house. It didn't cause me any surprise in China, but when I saw them in Italy—white people, tourists from the States, young fellows and girls you'd see any fall afternoon on Fifth Avenue—doing the same thing as the Dagoes, I said to myself, 'Andy, either you have a lot

to learn about your neighbors, or your Catholic friends in New York are a funny lot.'

"If it's not too personal, Farrell," he went on, "may I ask you if you do that genuflecting? Do you believe that God is there, that Christ is there just as He was in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago?"

There was a deeper silence over the gathering while Clinton was putting his questions. Men had quietly slipped over from the neighboring tables. Clinton flushed when it dawned on him that he had done the talking for the smoking-room. But Farrell was quietly puffing on his pipe, an eye of kindly sympathy for his inquisitor's earnest candor.

"I believe without reservation, that Christ is on the altars of Catholic Churches. Whether I'm in Rome or in Flatbush I do just what the Romans do."

"Well, how do you get that way?" asked Clinton, still in deadly earnest.

Redmond Farrell settled back in his chair. He was the most comfortable gladiator that had ever been called into the arena.

"Let's first see what we have in common when it comes to religion," he suggested.

"You're a Christian and I'm a Christian? I have that right?"

"Yes, I'm a sort of a Christian," answered the newspaper man. "My forefathers worked harder at it," he added. "But to tell you the truth, in the last ten minutes I've become more of a Christian in belief than I ever was. I never gave Christ much thought as God. But the more I think of it now I realize He wasn't just man." Then he meditated a moment, shook his head in violent conviction, and asserted a newborn faith. "Christ is God," he said reverently.

"Have you a mother living?" questioned Farrell in apparent irrelevance.

"I have, and she's with me here on this boat. I can't seem to get along without her around."

"Suppose your mother came to you tonight and talked to you along this line—'Son, my time is up. I leave you tomorrow. I'm glad I'm going, because, while I live, you will not come into your inheritance of fifty millions. If I go, it's yours. But before I go into the next world I want to feel sure that you'll be provided for in this. I have an estate of fifty millions. It's yours and you can have all of

the necessities and most of the luxuries of life' —Wouldn't it give you a thrill, Clinton?"

Andrew Clinton took another moment to absorb the points of this contingency. His mother's face came before his eyes. He had the average man's terror of a show of sentiment. But his mother and he were pals as well as mother and son.

"There'd be no thrill in that proposition. If my mother came to me now," he said gravely, "and offered me millions to take the place of herself, I'd be disappointed in her. But what's that to do with the question, anyway?"

"It has just this to do with it," returned Farrell. "It brings home to us the fact that dollars and cents have no value when compared with flesh and blood. If you think I'm handing out sentimentality, take up a census of the boat on the proposition. Ask Mrs. Donner, whose baby is the pride of the ship, what she'd take for her little boy. She'll give you some idea of the hold flesh has on flesh and blood on blood."

"Aren't we insisting on the obvious and wandering from the question of the Catholic belief in Christ on the altars of these churches?"

asked Clinton, with a suggestion of restrained impatience.

"Bear with me, brother," answered Redmond Farrell smiling benignly. "I'm just trying to get an agreement on the second point. We both agree that God once walked the earth. We both agree that we'd choose our own flesh and blood before anything money can buy. Now we come to the point of the Eucharist.

"God became Man. His work was done at the age of thirty-three. He was about to give His life for His chosen people. The night before dying He did what the average man does. He made known His last will and testament. Picture yourself there at that supper table. Three years had revealed the lowly carpenter as One whose possessions embraced the universe and the infinite beyond. The word 'God' is a big word to conjure with, especially when He is about to divide His possessions. Every nugget of gold is His, every stalk of grain in the fields, every flower that blooms, every living thing on the land, in the air above it, or in the waters beneath. All life is His, including the life of God. You yourself have seen Him prove His claim. You were with Him the night

a sea, raging like the one outside, heard His voice and cowered at his words. You saw life leap into dead men's bodies at His command. You heard your own mystification expressed when a bystander, stunned by his power said, 'What manner of man is this?'

"And now He is facing the crisis of His life, which is death. He sees a thousand generations left orphans if He goes. He is the Lord of the world with infinite wealth to dispose of. What kind of a will would be in keeping with the wealth of a God whose estate embraces heaven and earth?"

The newspaper man's imagination ran riot. He thought of interviews with such a Being. Crœsus became a pauper. The stillness that reigned was a tribute to the placid eloquence of Redmond Farrell.

"I give up," said Andrew Clinton. "A God that dies for love might leave anything without surprising me."

Farrell had the attention of everyone in the smoking-room. "Christ, the God Man, left what a mother would leave to her brood if she could," he said solemnly. "He answered the call of flesh to flesh and blood to blood. He

left Himself body and blood, soul and divinity. He made a big, lavish, godly bequest. He left Himself under the form of bread and wine." It was a hushed group of merrymakers that listened to this exposition of the Eucharist. Farrell was not elocuting or declaring. He was just expressing a deep conviction.

"How did He do it?" asked Clinton, pensively.

"He changed substances He had created into the substance of His own flesh and blood," answered Farrell, as if it were an obvious process. "He left it to the children to determine their portion in the inheritance. He left His own flesh and blood to make all mankind one family tracing its lineage back to God."

"That's a new idea to me," said a new voice in the discussion. "Do you mean to say that Christ made all men members of one family connected by Blood with the Godhead?"

"I mean to say just that, with the reservation that God uses His prerogative of selection. Those whom He brings into His house as members of His family he raises above distinction of birth, caste, and social rating. He places them all on the highest conceivable level of

democracy—the democracy that makes all aristocrats sharing in the blood of God."

"Me for the Catholic Church," said the embryo Socialist, more earnestly than grammatically.

Andrew Clinton was submerged in a swirl of thought. "It's easier to understand than it is to believe," he said wistfully.

"Say a little prayer," suggested Redmond Farrell. "Say 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and finish it your own way if you like. 'For thine is the power.' "

And the Red Dog party broke up for the night.

SANCTITY AND SOLDIERING

A GROUP of war-sickened men found its way into a retreat in the Italian Alps where they were resting awhile to give themselves a chance to think of other things than slaughter. Dawn was just beginning to show itself about the mountain peaks, and with its approach the skies took on the appearance of massed hosts of straying spirits whose raiment still reflected the colorings of the Paradise they had left behind. In the stillness of these first moments of morning there fell about the silent heights a suggestion of brooding peace not of this world.

There was a stir among a portion of the men and a pathway made for a priest who emerged from the group preceded by an acolyte in soldier's uniform. The two stopped before a rudely constructed altar and the priest began the ceremonies of Mass. A hush fell over the group of rugged warriors and they fell to their

knees as the priest began the prayers at the foot of the altar.

In the valley below a battle was raging. Smoke from rifle, field gun and howitzer arose in jets and clouds that spread a merciful veil over the horrors of the conflict. In the valley was Babel: men were cursing each other in many tongues. The groans of the wounded and the shrieks of the maddened mingled with the prayers of the dying, and arose in the weird medley that a battle alone can provoke.

On the mountain top was Bethlehem. The priest had reached the Consecration and was holding the Sacred Host aloft while the men bowed low, not daring to raise their eyes to the small white Particle that was God to them. They who never trembled at the coming of a war prince, cowered in holy fear before the coming of the Messenger of peace. They heard the thunder of battle no more. The booming of the big guns was lost in the silver tinkle of the Mass bell. The peace of the shepherds of Bethlehem was in their hearts.

The service over, two officers of the contingent drew aside to interchange thoughts on its effect on the men. They were American sol-

diers of fortune who had offered their services to a European contingent because war and its uncertainties had an irresistible fascination for them. They were men who did credit to their own country in representing it. Among their brother officers they were considered intelligent, well balanced and courageous soldiers who were worthy of the commissions that the government of their adoption had given them. The younger of the two, a lieutenant, spoke with a frankness that might have been mistaken for the soldier's habit of growling. "It's a mystery to me," he said, frowning, "how any man can sign up as a chaplain in our line of work. I was looking at that man saying Mass just now and was thinking of the strange combination of clothes he had on. There he was—a priest ordained to help the mission of Christ, wearing vestments that he says are the uniform of His representatives, supposed to teach peace to men of good will in all nations—there he was, going through the most sacred rite of his office, and underneath the vestments he wears a uniform that signifies war with all its slaughter, hate, rape, pillage and everything that is against the Ten Commandments. I'm no pacifist, but it

turns my blood cold to think of anyone parading around in the pelt of a sheep, and underneath it the hide of a wolf. Can any man do it with decency or consistency?"

His brother officer gave himself time to think a while before answering. Then he leisurely spoke and said: "I don't know whether you're right about that or not. Come to think of it, a chaplain once explained the vestments of the Mass to a bunch of us, and if I remember rightly, there's more to be said about the similarity that exists between the Mass vestments and the soldier's uniform than of any conflict between them. He said the amice—the white cloth twisted around his shoulders—is there as a breast plate or shield, and when he puts it on he says a prayer about its being for safety in battle with the devil. And the cord—the 'cincture,' I think he called it—is knotted around him just as the fighters in the olden days did when they were going into action. And there's a lot more stuff about the other vestments that represents a soldier's uniform of those days. I'm pretty sure if you look it up, you'll find that the vestments and uniform fit in quite

well. Both of them are worn for fighting, only on two different battle fronts."

It was evident that the young lieutenant, was somewhat impressed, both by the explanation given and the captain's knowledge of such things. But he wasn't converted to seeing the need of a man of religion with an army outfit. "What's the use of a chaplain with a bunch of soldiers, anyway?" he asked. "War and religion don't mix. What's the use of a chaplain telling us to love one another—that we're all one big family—that the fellow in the trenches over there is a brother that we must love? And he knows that as soon as that brother of ours sticks his head over a trench we'll let a hand grenade go at him and get sore if there's not one less in the family?"

"Well, if you believe the Bible, war and religion have mixed since the beginning of the world," said the captain. "The first thing almost that God showed Adam and Eve was a flaming sword carried by an angel from heaven. And they didn't hesitate a minute when they saw it, but just walked out of the Garden of Paradise. Isn't the Bible half filled with war stories and wasn't one of the greatest saints a

King named David whom God recommended for being a great military man? And, come to think of it, how about the Crusades? Didn't they use a cross for a sword, and a sword for a cross? They look a lot alike, and many a man has found his way to heaven in a clean fight for life with the sword as his best friend. And that reminds me of a poem that a woman named Widdemer wrote. I clipped it out of a magazine, and saved it." He dug into a pocket and picked out a rather tattered piece of literature. Without asking permission he read the parts of the poem that he thought would impress his comrade in arms.

"Where the dark's a terror thing, morn a hope doubt-tossed,
Where the lads lie thinking long out in rain and frost,
There they find their God again, long ago they lost.

"Where the night comes cruelly, where the hurt men moan,
Where the crushed forgotten ones whisper prayers alone,
Christ along the battle field comes to lead His own.

"Souls that would have withered soon in the world's hot glare
Blown and gone like shrivelled things dusty on the air,
Rank on rank they follow him, young and strong and fair."

When the senior officer ceased reading, the young lieutenant was lost in thought. Bent over, his head resting on his hand, staring at the ground he seemed like a man in whom a new chord had been struck.

"That's not bad stuff for poetry," he said, almost reluctantly. "I get what she says there. It's the first bit of poetry that I'd bother memorizing."

The captain was quick to follow up his advantage, and pressed his point. "I had often heard the expression about the Lion and the Lamb lying down together, but never saw its application until I began to think about a chaplain's rôle in war time. I know that his job is to minister to the spiritual wants of his men, but the strange thing about it is that he makes them better in the business of soldiering—makes them better in taking a human life as well as in giving up their own. You know yourself that there are very few atheists in uniform when we're ordered out into No Man's Land. Some of us may throw a bluff that we don't care a rap whether there is a God or not when we've been hanging around the trenches idle for a few months, but you get inside any man

when he sees Death making straight for him, and listen to his heart, and you'll find he's praying in there even if his lips are cursing. The boys want someone to tell them where they're going if they don't come back from the Land of No Man. I know that I have a much lighter shade of yellow streak when I feel clean inside after telling God the things He knows about me already."

The lieutenant was still lost in the silent thought of a man looking back. The other's argument was not lost on him. He had said a few hurried prayers himself when a man had dropped beside him. The captain, having given him time to think his thoughts out, then asked, "Don't you think we're getting enough hell in this thing now without taking chances on the possibility of getting the same thing all eternity? Don't you think it's foolish to take a chance when you can give yourself the benefit of the doubt?"

"Yes, I think it's foolish to walk into hell if you can keep out of it, but I don't get what you say about a chaplain making better soldiers of us. According to you I'm supposed to believe that the more I love the man on the other

side, the quicker and surer I'd be in killing him. You're trying to make me believe that a chaplain makes you a better shot at the neighbor he teaches you to love. He quiets your nerves, he steadies your hand and gives you the right frame of mind for taking a human life. That's a little bit over my head."

"It sounds a bit raw when it's put that way," answered the captain, "but when a man signs up with the colors he's put in a position where he's fighting for his life. He has the right to kill an aggressor to save his own life. God gives him the right, and he can use every means to that end whether it's physical or spiritual. And besides, hate doesn't get a man anywhere in battle nowadays. In the old days of hand to hand struggle when the individual was left to his own military tactics it was a different matter. The more a man hated, the crueller the blow. Then a chaplain teaching love to a horde of swashbucklers would get many a ribald joke thrown at him. But today it's different. Modern warfare is carried on in tremendous feats of engineering. Each man has to be part of a big machine, that acts with mathematical precision. And it's strange to

say it, but the man of peace is often responsible for that deadly calm which makes a man surer in his power to kill. . . . If I were in a council of war I'd want to know how many chaplains were within reach. I'd put one in every unit if I could. The other day I heard two privates talking about the strange calm that was over them in the thickest of it. One of them said that he had been fixed up by the chaplain and didn't give a damn what chances he took."

It was a long speech for the captain, but he was gradually gaining ground. The younger man was searching around for a comeback. He had worked himself to a conviction about the need of chaplains—or the lack of such a need—and it was difficult for him to relinquish an interesting objection.

"Well, I think if we must have a chaplain with an outfit—and if he does the military service you say he does, we certainly should have one—he has enough to do if he sticks to his Sunday work," said the Lieutenant. "He's only in the way running around loose in the time of action. Nobody wants anything he has then."

"That's where you're dead wrong," said his

companion. "You ask a man that's been hit what favor you can do him, and see whether he'll call for the chief or for the chaplain. Take the case of General Todd's son. The general didn't count for much when the lad was near the end. He's a big man in his proper place, and there isn't one of us who wouldn't go a long way just to get in the way of a word of praise from the old man. He's got more power than an Egyptian queen at a poisoning party. He can send fifty thousand men to certain death with one word. But you remember the old man when the son was laid flat by a shell. The boy didn't want his father's power. He was mumbling something about 'the chaplain.' And when the little man in drab came panting out of the thick of the fight and knelt down beside the boy, the father felt like helplessness itself. The boy was glad when he saw the purple stole, and his last words were for the chaplain's ears. He looked as if he were dying happy. A commander-in-chief is a big man until someone wants what only the chaplain has."

There was a long silence. The younger man

was lost in a new line of thought, and there was a suggestion of sadness in his eyes. "Well," he said, "I was always brought to think that the ideal soldier was the man who fought like a demon."

"I've often heard that expression used and believed it until I got a line on the tactics used to-day. But if it comes to a choice between fighting like a demon, and fighting like an angel, I'd rather know the methods and tactics of the angel. As far back as war records go, the expression, 'to fight like a demon' was proved to be wrong. There is a defeated army in hell to-day driven there because its leaders adopted the 'demon' method of warfare. And in the armories of heaven there are veterans of the first big war who are pensioned and living on the best in the land for all eternity because they had sense enough to follow Michael when he made the great drive that routed Lucifer and his crowd of undisciplined demons."

"Well, you've said something to-day," remarked the lieutenant, getting up from the spot in which they were resting. . . ."But it's a new one on me to think of an unarmed man,

forbidden to take a human life, as a war power."

And they walked back in thoughtful silence to their commands.

His Eminence
Patrick Cardinal Hayes,
Archbishop of New York

THERE are depths in the character of Cardinal Hayes that will never be fathomed, and yet there is nothing elusive about his personality. He has a countenance that betrays his soul, and a naturalness of manner that reveals much of his inner self. One glance at the Cardinal tells a bookful about him. There is a light in his eye that reminds one of Irish mothers. There is a quality of tenderness in his mien that is to be found only in men of strong character. There is a youthfulness in his lined face that belies his gray hairs. The longer you study the man, the clearer becomes the image of the child. When he laughs it is with the impulse of the child to open up all the stops and with the restraint of the dignitary who must keep within the bounds of official decorum. The result is a

hearty wheeze. He can lapse into a spirit of playfulness that makes the studied humor of George Ade take on the sombre dignity of an apostle of Prohibition. He enjoys the stories he tells, and if he did not he would be lacking in a sense of humor.

He speaks with the candor of a child, tempered by the charity and wisdom of the man. It is the child in him that makes him credulous of the good in others. He never takes evil for granted. He works on the deliberate policy that evil or insincerity will show in time, and that it is better to be credulous, even gullible, than to do a man an injustice by hastily placing him in a wrong category. He prefers to be deceived a hundred times than to be unfair once.

What cannot be read in the countenance of Cardinal Hayes can be found written in his archiepiscopal seal. The three-leafed shamrock betokens his faith in the revealed mysteries of his religion and acknowledges his debt and devotion to the Island of saints and scholars. There is, by the way, a vast wealth of Irish in His Eminence of New York. It gives a mellow humanity to the exterior of the dignitary. It is evident in the shrewd wisdom of his states-

manship. It strikes with the thud of a shillelagh when a battle is forced upon him. He comes of a race, a nation, a religion and a neighborhood that breed such competent legislators as the governor of the state of New York.

The Lion of St. Mark on his shield is a symbol of that quality in the Cardinal which makes him strong when the sacred person of Holy Mother Church is in danger of profanation. He does not grow irritable when facing a foe and the foe must be of some importance before he will deign to give him any notice. He is as slow as the lion to anger and as deliberate as the lion when he strikes. He has the lion's contempt for the petty. Human respect is a weakness with which he will not compromise. The possibility of whispered gossip on the part of prejudiced enemies never deters him from following out a line of action that he considers "ad majorem Dei gloriam." When groups of sneering suspects were accusing him and the church of underhanded conniving with party politicians he walked into the headquarters of the chief in broad daylight, scornful of the sinister leerings and low-minded comment it provoked in certain groups. There are promi-

nent citizens of his own faith and of other communions who have found it to their own advantage to take it on the run when he came out into the clearing and roared just a little.

The Cardinal knows no compromise with himself or others, when duty must be done. He has little patience with the slacker. He has ever been stern with himself in the pursuit of his duties. In this respect the person and the official in himself have had no mercy on each other. His life has been a struggle to adapt his natural, even spiritual, desires to the dictates of God. He is a recluse by nature, a man whose instinct has been to avoid the glaring lights of the world. The lion of St. Mark and eagle of St. John tell the story of that inner struggle. He has had to be the strong man of earth, going about close to the ground and safeguarding the person and property of his Master, when every atom of his being has been preening itself for the flight of the eagle. The solitude of rocky heights is his heart's desire, and is an instinct which he has never been able to satisfy. He is a mystic who has to fight constantly to be alone with God, a mystic whom God has willed to stand in the open

forum and represent His Church before the eyes of men. The absence of solitude in his life has been his cross, but Christ has helped him in his disappointment by following him into the open ways of men.

Vocation came to him as it does to the average Catholic boy. There was nothing sudden about it. It comes as a sort of spiritual inheritance from good parents who provide the clay into which the Holy Ghost breathes an "alter Christus." The Irish faith of his father and mother gave him the natural virtues and a something more, that appealed to God Who set him aside as a Levite. He heard the voice in the temple and with joy in his heart, answered "Adsum!" But with that answer he was to give up his heart's desire of being in the shadows with the High-Priest.

As a boy he was not rugged in health. He was so frail of physique as a growing lad that human indications pointed to his being thwarted in his desire of the priesthood. As a very young man he refused inducements to enter the business world, that showed the rugged character of his soul. A nature that recoiled from public notice of any kind gave no indication

that he would ever be fitted for the rôle of a national figure. He had almost an insuperable shyness that showed itself most painfully when he was called upon to take his turn in oratorical contests and ordeals of that kind. Even in the matter of temporalities, there were obstacles in his life that God had to remove from his path to the priesthood. The means had to be provided for him to go through De LaSalle Academy.

His seminary days were like the average student's, except that when he was nearing the end of them, he was again called away from his class-mates and sent to the University at Washington. When he was ordained an alter Christus, his ambitions in life were complete. The heart of the Beloved Disciple beat high in him. From that time on he would have the breast of Christ to rest upon. It meant that the Son of God and he would be one in a mystical union that no man could rend asunder. His only prayer was that he might be left alone with Him; given time to know Him better by constant communing with Him; given a chance to send his soul on the wings of an eagle to a peak in the clouds where the noise of busy cities

or the voices of busy men might never reach. But Christ Who now lived in him in a deeper intimacy dictated otherwise. From that time on, at least, the priest became the willing servant of a Master Whose will was supreme. The Cardinal to this day always speaks of "the Master" and that is the key of his whole character. His life is fully consistent with this idea, the proper relationship of a priest and his God. He has always been the servant whose personal desires have been a minor consideration in the conduct of his life.

When he was assigned to St. Gabriel's church to do parochial work, he went there in joyful anticipation of the life to be spent in ministering the sacraments, preaching the gospel, and living with the people as a shepherd with his flock. He saw himself doing the missionary work of the living Christ, with plenty of time for meditation, thanksgiving, and other forms of self-sanctification. But St. Gabriel's church happened to be the home of Bishop John M. Farley, then auxiliary to Archbishop Corrigan. The young Father Hayes found his aspirations to a quiet, well-ordered life as a parochial assistant were soon to be brushed aside. The

Bishop brought him into official life by assigning him to secretarial work.

Step by step he was led away from the quiet shadows of the inner temple into the light of the outside world from which by nature he recoiled. He became a fixture in ecclesiastical officialdom and Archbishop Farley brought him to the Cathedral as his secretary. When Cathedral College was opened to Catholic youth with early aspirations to the priesthood, the Archbishop needed a president and chose his secretary for the post. It was another step away from the desired parochial fields and a definite sign shown by God that he was being prepared to take jurisdiction over a diocesan priesthood. Here in Cathedral College he had the responsibility of molding vocations in the tenderest and most impressionable period.

Almost every year brought some new duty that widened the breach between the desired seclusion of parochial life and diocesan officialdom. The responsibilities of the chancery office were next handed over to him. His days became overcrowded with duties that left little time for methodical development of his spiritual self. The final blow to his hopes of

a quiet pastorate came with the announcement that he was to wear the pectoral cross of an auxiliary bishop to Cardinal Farley. Officialdom was a field of work destined by the hand of God. Then life became an onslaught of obligations. The days were many hours too short for the work that was assigned. The labor was much too great for one man, especially with the aging Cardinal of necessity using him as a prop for his advancing years.

When the war broke out and all men were whirled into the hysteria of the great crisis, the church in America had an important part to play in carrying the stars and stripes to victory. She must provide the spiritual sinews of war. She must have the representatives of Christ bearing his divine powers to the living and the dying in camp and battlefield. She must have all her priests under the jurisdiction of a Bishop. The nation as a whole was converted into one great military diocese.

Rome sent over word that Bishop Hayes had been selected as the Catholic Chaplain Bishop of the United States forces on land and sea. The announcement staggered the Cardinal Archbishop of New York. He had hoped that

the Holy See might leave him this spiritual son as a prop in his declining years but he submitted to the sacrifice of personal desires and Bishop Hayes was called into national prominence with an abruptness that might have disheartened an older warrior of Christ. With a chief at home who was approaching the end of life, with duties of visitation, confirmation and the hundred other calls that a Bishop associated with a metropolitan see must hearken to, he had to face the task of organizing a diocese that would extend in jurisdiction over the vast expanse of his own land, across the seas to foreign battlefields and camps, up into the army posts of distant Siberia, out upon all the seas that floated a ship with an American flag at its masthead, and wherever two or three were gathered together with a Catholic chaplain in their service of the stars and stripes at war.

Then came the installation of Bishop Hayes as Ordinary of the Metropolitan See of the United States. And there he sits in solitary state—but not alone. There he sits, a young man for a post so important. There he sits and grows older in wrinkles and whitening locks but younger in the heart that beats in his bosom.

The fragile lad of forty years ago, who grew red with embarrassment and recoiled in self-consciousness when a Christian brother asked him to stand out before a few classmates and recite a bit of memorized eloquence, is now called upon to talk for the Church in the United States, while millions listen to his every word. Rome places her finger upon New York to get the pulse of the nation. Catholicity's advance in America is judged very largely from the reports given of New York's spiritual status as the metropolis of the nation. Its Archbishop is a prominent figure among men in secular affairs. He is a citizen of great personal prestige, and an authority to be consulted by diplomats who realize that a nation rises or falls with the moral condition of its population. This country has already learned from his pronouncements on the racial, class, and religious injustice of the prohibition amendment that he has a mind that analyzes, and a voice that expresses mature opinion without vagueness.

But this is all the official side of Cardinal Hayes. The personal side has developed step for step with the calls of office. He measures up as a man to the prestige of the citizen. He

has grown in soul as he has in ecclesiastical influence. The growth of the person and the official has been along parallel lines which he has never allowed to converge. The person is as detached from the official as two rails that direct the same train to its destination. It is interesting to hear him talk of "the Archbishop of New York." It is as if he were commenting upon an official whom he knew as a friend occupying the same house with himself. He has a most sacred regard for the aforesaid Archbishop of New York that is absolutely lacking in appreciation of himself. He prays for both. His seal has his prayer upon it—"Mane nobiscum, Domine." He prays for the priest from whom he is personally forever inseparable, and for the Cardinal-Archbishop who holds an office that will pass in God's own time. The prayer that comes deepest from his heart is that he may have nothing but Christ and having Him will have all. The calls to the outside world have not separated him from the Master. Our Lord has answered his prayer. He has remained with the priest and the official. The Cardinal-Archbishop takes no personal credit for official acts that are commendable. He is

firm in the conviction that he is but an instrument whose only virtue is that he has the grace to say, at least in all important matters, "fiat voluntas tua."

He has a tenderness for the person of Christ that only a strong man can have. He has the glowing warmth of soul that is not afraid to lay his head upon the bosom of a Master Who dies daily in proof of a love that surpasses romance. Like St. Paul, his desire is to be so close to Christ, so intimately united with Him, mind to mind, and heart to heart, that he will one day be completely dissolved in Him. His Queen is Mary, at once the Mother of Christ and his own mother. He has her crown upon his shield. He was brought to the temple and baptized on the feast of the Presentation. He was ordained and praeconized on her birthday. He is ever guarding her with the tender strength of a beloved disciple.

He has given himself, the person and the official, wholly to Christ. He has opened the portals of his heart, and Christ has truly answered his prayerful plea, "Mane nobiscum, Domine."

GOLF AS A PROFESSION

THE man who makes golf a profession—in America, anyway—chooses a career that brings presidents and potentates to his feet in the humble rôle of disciples. The outstanding figure of a nation, upon whose wit and wile and brawn hangs the destiny of a people, is a school boy again when the cares of state become a minor consideration to the all-important problem of correcting a soul-wearing slice. The genius who has solved the intricacies of making reparations possible stands before the pro a suppliant begging for the secret of putting a backspin on his approaches. The captain of industry in whose grasp is the health and happiness of thousands is a meek dependent upon the man out in the country club who alone can show him how to add the twenty yards to his drive that will be a source of humiliation to one world power in banking with whom he plays his week-end rounds. The prelate, whose mission it is to teach all nations, listens to the

golf pro with reverent attention as the latter teaches him to follow through in his putts. Many a Senator would rather solve the mystery of the long overspin ball that flies low and straight, then put across a League of Nations. The golf pro is a member of a profession that ranks in dignity with that of law, medicine, engineering or statesmanship, and the title "Golf Professional" is one worthy of any man's ambition. But the title should have a very definite significance, and should be the reward of labor in study and accomplishment.

In America to-day the title, "Golf Professional" is more of a negative than a positive term. It suggests a man who is no longer eligible to the ranks of the amateur competitor rather than a definite standing in a chosen vocation. That this should be so is an injustice to the true golf professional. As matters stand now a lad can quit his job cleaning clubs in the shop, or give up his position as caddy-master, and sally forth in a brand new pair of check knickerbockers, mauve shirt, blue stockings, shiny shoes, and immediately command the same four dollars an hour for imparting a lesson that the winner of the national open re-

ceives for the same advice and time. He's a "pro." All the rest is taken for granted by the meek magnate who comes seeking the secret of breaking a hundred.

Is this fair to the man who has spent half a life time studying the game in its various departments? There is a wide field of research and accomplishment to be covered before a man is really a full-fledged pro. He must know how to make a club, be an expert in the quality of shafts, the model of heads, the value of bulger faces, and the fitting of each club to the physical dimensions of his patrons. Greenskeeping takes years of patient investigation. The upkeep of fairways, the adaptability of different seeding for certain climates and soil, and the care of greens in seeding and watering, are all to be acquired by scientific investigation and long experience. A good greenskeeper can save a club thousands of dollars and give the members better playing surfaces than a mere mechanic would.

There is a tendency to-day to give a pro a salary in keeping with his record in competition. Let him win the National Open or the P. G. A. tournaments and his name is flashed in head-

lines over the front page of the country's press. Immediately the chairmen of greens-committees wonder how they can attach him to their respective clubs. His salary is based on his member-drawing value rather than on his competency in supervising the playground of the members who join the club made famous by a champion's name. There is little inquiry into his ability to impart his knowledge of the game. He may have no power of analyzing a stroke or of expressing the elements of his analysis. He can only demonstrate. He cannot impart an orthodox method. He may know nothing about greens-keeping, and have none of the organizing talent that keeps caddies on tap and a course well policed. He is just an exhibition player, and that means prolonged absences from his club in competitions abroad, leaving the members to struggle to the solution of their stroke difficulties in solitary agony.

On the other hand, take the club that has for its pro the semi-obscured veteran whose first interest is his home charge. He still plays around in seventy-five. He has reduced the golf stroke to elementary principles. He can tell you the "why" of the low ball, give you

the mental attitude in addressing the pellet, tell you why it is dangerous to come at the ball with an outside arc, give you the reason for striking the ball with an iron on the down stroke, and tell you why it is necessary to take turf on your approaches. He knows his little book of seeding fairways and greens. He has spent his evenings reading up the principles of course architecture, knows how to approach his draining problems, and can adapt the acres at hand to the requisites of a championship layout. In other words, giving each department of his profession a single count, he is there with four counts to the national open champion's one. And he gets one fourth the salary of the latter with four times the knowledge.

As a means of self-protection, golf professionals should be given a rating on a basis of all-round knowledge just as amateurs are rated on the single standard of playing ability. The P. G. A. should give admission to its ranks as full-fledged members only to those who meet the requisites of an examination under the auspices of their Association. It should have its members classified in A, B, or C categories in accordance with the result shown in tests

open to the body. Then the U. S. G. A. would have a catalogue of ready reference in looking up a pro's standing. His marks would tell the tale. The industrious would be rewarded for their toil. Salaries would be given in accordance with a pro's standing in his own organization. There would be an incentive to the pro of a monetary nature for continued study of his chosen life work. The veteran specialist in teaching would not be receiving the same compensation per hour as the dapper lad that was yesterday a caddy-master with a winning personality. The time may not be far off when there will be a school for pros. There the youngster will go as the boy with legal or engineering ambitions goes to Yale. He will learn the principles of stroke-making, method in imparting his knowledge, scientific greenskeeping, and the fundamentals of course architecture.

These suggestions may be the impractical ideas of one who is only a spectator on the sidelines of a noble industry, but they are prompted out of gratitude to a body of professional gentlemen who have made him an honorary member of their association, and who is in-

terested in the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of his many friends who have made golf for him a big part of the joy of life by their whole-hearted generosity.

A good field secretary with a head for organization could realize some of these ideas, and he would make the salary invested in him many times over. A recreational industry that represents an investment of three hundred and five millions of dollars in one year can undoubtedly support an executive whose single purpose is the promotion of pro and amateur interests in a game that is unique inasmuch as it can be played by the eight, or eighty-year-old.

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